## THE CLIFTON CLARION.

VOL. VII.

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& A. M.—THE REGULAR MEETINGS OF J. ABRAHAM, W. M.

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NOTARY PUBLIC,

ARIZONA & N. M. RAILWAY. TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH

Lv Clifton 7:00 a.m.
N. Siding 7:30
S. Siding 7:30
S. Siding 7:30
Coronado 8:24
York's 8:34
York's 8:34
York's 8:34
York's 4:26
Ar Duncan 3:32
Ar Duncan 9:42
Lv Duncan 9:42
Lv Duncan 9:52
Summit 11:00
Ar L'dsburg 12:00 m.
Ar Clifton 6:20 PASSENGER BATES.

GOING SOUTH

| Clifton to— | Clifton to— | North Siding | \$.50 | Sheldon | 2:50 | South Siding | 7:0 | Duncan | 3:30 | Saumit | 4.80 | Coronado | 1:50 | York's | 2:10 | | Clifton to— | 2:50 | Saumit | 4.80 | Coronado | 1:50 | Cordsburg | 5.90 | Clifton to— | Clifton Children between five and twelve years of age

half fare.
The One hundred pounds of baggage carried free with each full fare and 50 pounds with each FREIGHT BATES.

Following are the rates per ton on the differ-ent classes of freight:

	irst Class	econd Class	hird Class.	ourth Class	Th Class.
N. Siding S. Siding S. Siding S. Siding S. Market Cor ando York's Shaid a Duccas Summit Lordsburg	1 70 2 38 3 13 3 13 4 92 7 7	2 5	8 42 50 1 01 1 75 1 77 2 11 2 79 4 39 6 00		8 .57 .79 1 16 1 11 2 37 2 82 5 72 5 86 9 0

CLASSIFICATION: Cake, Bullion and Copper Matte. Ore valued at \$150 and over Ore valued at \$150 and under. Ore valued at \$100 and under. Ore valued at \$50 and under. Mining timbers Mattes containing silver Not otherwise specified

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- AND -

First Class
Second Glass
Third Class
First Class
Fourth Class
First Class
First Class
First Class
First Class
Second Glass
First Class
Second Class
First Class
Second Class
First Class
F inKept constantly in Stock

DECAY OF TRADITION.

It is said that the invention of writing injured the power of memory, and years ago, before the schoolmaster was abroad, as he is nowadays, it was possible to meet with many instances of strong memorizing capacity among persons who could neither read nor write. Complicated accounts could be kept by the aid of a "tally" only, and the memory of many a small farmer or petty rural shopkeeper was his only ledger and order book. It is certain that since the art of writing has become an almost universal accomplishment the faculty of memory, being less needed, is less cultivated. Long after the invention of letters our forefathers rested much upon oral tradition. Autiquarians assert that one of the ancient races of Italy possessed no written language, and even where written characters were in use, oral tradition formed an important supplement to them. Folk lore tales and tallads have been handed down from lip to lip for centuries with curious fidelity.

When oral tradition was recognized as a vehicle for actual information more care was taken regarding the ac-curacy than would be the case in these days. The old reciters jealously guard-ed a time honored form of words even in their prose narratives. Breton

peasants, notably those who possess a to do or a story with scrupulous to ty to the established form in which they have always heard the inches related, and will check a traveler who attempts to deviate from the orthodox version with "Nay, monsiour, the story should begin thus," repeating the regular form of the tale, eastern story teller deviates little i his time honored recital of tales of love, adventure and magic; we recognize all our old friends from the "Arabian Nights" if we halt to listen to a professional raconteur in the streets of any oriental town. In the days of war against proscribed books faithful memories were often utilized to preserve prohibited works from oblivion During the persecution of the Waldenses, in the Thirteenth century, when their version of the Scripture was prohibited and destroyed wherever found, their ministers committed whole books of the sacred volume to memory, and repeated chapters at religious meetings. It would be tedious to enumerate the many instances in which tradition has preserved what written histories were forbidden to

On the whole, oral traditions are strangely accurate; strangely, when we consider how facts are frequently altered and distorted when occurrences are related by successive story tellers. The child's game of "Russian Scandal" (in which a secret whispered to one person and repeated to a circle of others, is usually altered out of all recognition when repeated aloud by the last hearer) is played every day in society. And yet local tradition will faithfully chronicle the site of a battle, the burial place of a hero, the date of a siege, and sometimes, after genergend, a later investigation will discover that the despised traditional story was the true one after all. Centuries of repetition may have slightly added to the incidents or distorted some of the facts, but the main tale is strictly exact. The reputed treasure trove may prove but a trifling hoard, the battle field smaller in extent, the graves of the heroes less numerous; but in each case local tradition is true regard-

chronicle.

locate where they took place. Tradition may at least claim to be as accurate as ancient history; though this, perhaps, is faint praise. Oral tradition is usually free from con-scious party bias. The repeaters of traditional lore carry on the tale as they heard it, but now many an eloquent historian appears to assume a brief for one side or another in every party contest and to write his history with a view, not of elucidating facts, but of representing certain historical characters as angels or the reverse. Such writers are always the pleasanttradition may often prove the safer guide of the two. Folk lore, if not an altogether reliable guide, is seldom totally at fault in its statement of facts, and tradition has frequently kept alive memories which might otherwise have perished altogether. Books may be destroyed and history willfully garbled, but it is less easy to extinguish local tradition.—Manches-ter (Eng.) Courier.

ing the facts that occurred and the

Too Late Even for Lecocq.

A gentleman who was "burglarized" about two years ago reported his loss to the detectives and offered naturally to assist them in every way. At first he called frequently to ascertain if any news of the thieves had been obtained, but being met always with a negative his visits became infrequent and finally ceased. He had forgotten the matter altogether till recently, when he was called upon by one of "We have got a clew."

"That is good. Is it a promising

"Certainly. We have discovered "Better still. You have him ar-

"We can't do that. It is too late."

"How is that?" "He died last week, confessing to the robbery.'

It's a grand thing to get a clew .-

PLAYED HIMSELF FREE.

The Invention of Writing Seems to Have

The Adventure of a Russian Pianist Who

Put an End to Folk Lore.

Wanted to Go to Germany.

Arthur Friedheim, the famous pianist, wished to cross the western Russian border, for the purpose of filling his engagement to play in several German cities. As a Russian subject he was obliged to go through all sorts of formalities with Russian officials before leaving the country. Iwo weeks before the date of his first concert he asked the captain of the city of St. Petersburg, where he was stopping, to ask the governor of Livonia to ask the mayor of Pernau, where he was born, for the consent of the Permu police to the departure of Arthur Friedheim to Germany. Of course, the mayor and the police of Permu had nothing against Mr. Friedheim or his concert tour in Ger-many, and they said so in a letter which they sent to the captain of the capital by return of mail. Owing to the wretchedness of the

Livonian mail service, this answer was stranded in a fourth rate post-office a few miles from Pernau and lay there four weeks. At the end of the second week Mr. Friedheim had broken two engagements to give concerts in Germany. At the end of the third week he had broken four engagements and was receiving telegrams by the score from German theatrical managers whom he had disappointed. The fourth week disappointed. The fourth week brought telegrams and demands for an explanation, but no letters from Pernau.

Friedheim was in despair, and resolved to cross the border without passes. He tried it, was arrested and taken before the chief of the district. who sent him to prison after confiscating his papers. In Friedham's pocketbook was a package of his visiting cards and several newspaper criticisms of his playing. The chief concluded that he had caught the murderer of Arthur Friedheim. He had Fried heim, whom he suspected of murder ing himself and confiscating his own papers, doubly ironed and doubly guarded. After protesting and ap-pealing for a whole day, Friedheim got an audience with the chief. He reiterated in vain the statement that he was Arthur Friedheim, the pianist. The chief wouldn't believe him. Fi nally Friedheim begged to be allowed to prove his identity by playing. The chief, who was something of a musician, consented. Friedheim was march ed through the street to the chief's house between two soldiers and was set down before a piano. He played the second Rhapsodie of Liszt. As soon as he finished, the chief removed the guard, saying: "Now I know you are Friedheim." The pianist was released on his promise to return to St.

Petersburg for his passes. Upon his arrival in the capital Friedheim found the letter from Pernau and his others papers ready for him. Four days later he began playing in Germany with a record of seven broken engagements behind him, - New

A Modern Pocahentas.

I have lived in the far west where the red man roams over the plains, ations of historians and antiquarians for the best part of my life, and durhave scoffed at the unreliable local leing all of this time I have been search ing all of this time I have been searching for an ideal "Indian maiden." I wanted to find a dark eyed beauty with a wealth of black hair hanging down her back. I wanted her to be graceful, and I wanted her to wear a short dress, with beads all over it, and I wanted to see the "finely molded brown arms" that I have read about so often in Mr. G. Fenimore Cooper's I wanted another Pocahontas. After

searching for six years, during which time I could only run across pigeon toed, flat nosed, disgusting looking squaws, I came to the conclusion that there was no such thing as an Indian maiden. I began to believe that the story about the beautiful Pocahontas was all a myth. I had nearly arrived at that doubting state of mind, when I would just as lief have believed that America was never discovered at all, when I found this willowy like, graceful, dark eyed Cheyenne beauty Yes, she was all of this and more,

too. She was clad in the prettiest garment I have ever seen a woman wear. est to read; an "impartial historian" Her dress was short and displayed her is sadly dull, as a rule; but when a biased writer plays the part of Clio,

There were beads embroidered all over her dress. She would have turned

the city green with envy. All this is no stretch of imagination. She was truly a beautiful "Indian maiden"-my ideal was found at last-and her name was "Eufaula."-Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch. Love Me, Love My Dog.

Young Wife-I'm afraid, mother, that John doesn't love me as much as he used to. Mother-Why, child, what could have put such an idea into your head?
Young Wife-Oh, mother, you ought to see how drea ifully he beats poor little Fido. -Yankee Blade.

A Dramatic Catastrophe Supe (to stage manager)-Say, guv'nor, have you got a life preserver! Manager-No, what's the matter! Supe-The Roman general fell overboard into the tank with his beliet on and he is

ficatin' around head down.-Time. Suspended Evolution. He-Aw, weally, Miss Blossom, do you be lieve man sprang from the ape!

She (very tired of his attentions—Yes, 1

presume some men have, but there are others who have never yet made the spring, or at least never sprang very far. -Omaba World.

A Decided Drawback. "Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Backwoods, "the paper says that the fashionable folks in
N' York have '5 o'clock tea.' They must didn't say get awful hungry afore bedtime "-Harper's

NO. 19 Where Work Is Pleasant.

Neglected Wife-Why don't you go to Husband (a ne'er do well)-I ain't got no

Neglected Wife-Deacon Smith offered you 55 to fix his fence, and you have a saw, and a plane, and a hammer and nails. What

more do you want!

Husband—The saw ain't no good, and I ain't got no file to sharpen it. Ole Smith kin fix his fence hisself.

Same Husband (ten years later)-Hist] Say, wife, I've escaped from the peniten-tiary Gim me some other clothes, so I kin

light out agin.

Wife-My, my! How did you get out!

Husband-I dug forty feet underground with a two tined fork, then cut my way through two feet of stone wall and ten of boiler iron with a saw made out of a tin



Bonton Flathers, Esq.-I suppose you don't speak to the common herd any more, Miss

Luckeigh!
Miss Luckeigh (who has just realized large-(y)-Why, certainly! Mr Flathers, how do you dot-Life.

Most Too Honest.

A day or two ago a middle aged man called at police headquarters and asked to see the superintendent, and as that official was out he said he would call again. He returned in the evening, but too late, and as he would not state his business to any one else, he was told to come next forenoon. He did come, but the superintendent was very busy, and he finally entered the captain's private room, took a small package from his pocket and

"Captain, this does not belong to me and I

have no right to keep it."

The captain opened the paper, and lo! a silver dime was revealed. "Where did you get this?" asked the offi-

"Found it on Thirteenth street." "Well, what of it?"

"Yes, I suppose so, but why did you bring

"Because I want to be bonest. I could not find the loser, and so I brought it here to be advertised." The captain arose and talked to him in five

different languages, and when the man flew down the hall he was heard to remark that if he ever found another ten cent piece he'd be hanged if he wouldn't chuck it into his pocket and let the loser go to Halifax .- De troit Free Press.

The Money Saved.

Detective-I have discovered, sir, that your confidence bookkeeper, Mr. De Clerk, is a defaulter to the extent of many thousands of dollars. As he has lived plainly, and has not gambled in stocks, he must still have all your money in his possession, but if we arrest him, you will never get it, of course, and if we corner him and try to compromise for half or two-thirds, he will probably skip to Canada with the whole boodle.

Business Man-My goodness! Mr. De Clerk!

Mr. De Clerk-Yes, sir

Business Man-Mr De Clerk, a few days ago I refused you the hand of my daughter, and I afterward employed this gentleman. who is a detective, to look closely into your personal character and past history His re-port refers in such detail to your correct habits and business aptitude that I have changed my mind. You shall have ber.— New York Weekly.

Perfectly Satisfactory.

"Have you any work on punctuation?" she asked at the look store

"Sorry to say we are just out." "Well, perhaps you could tell me what I want to know. What does a mark under s word signify"

"That is to emphasize the word." "Oh-I see Thank you." And as she passed out a clerk heard her "And James put five marks under the word

'Dear!" "-Detroit Free Press. The Least of Two Evils.

"James," said Mrz Slasher, "I wish when you go to town today you would stop and match these ribbons "Clara," replied Mr. Elasher, "you go and let me stay home and mind the baby."-

A Hopeless Task.

Cloak and Suit Review

Husband (100 years hence, when women rules—My dear. I expect to go to town to-day. If you could spare me a little cash—Wife (from bed)—Certainly, darling. You will find some loose change in my pocket.-Cloak and Suit Review

Landiady-Be careful how you whip that carpet. It's a very fine piece of goods, Tramp (working for his dinner)—Yes'm. It's hard to best.—Omaha World.

Offering a Substitute. "See here! The calico you sold me won't

"It won't, eh! Then let me sell you a wash machine."-Detroit Free Press.

Westerner-Yes, sir, I believe it is absolutely impossible to reform a horse thief. Easterner-Nothing Easier Make a sailor of him.-New York Weekly

Plantation Proverbs.

It donn' pay to do much talkin' w'en you'm mad enuff to choke. enulf to choke.

Kase de word dat stings the deepes' am de one dat's nebbah spoke;

Lot de udder feller wrangte till de stohm am blowed away,